

Behemoth

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Summary: (One-Shot) Could anything ever kill this armored behemoth?

Behemoth

****Behemoth****

He was tall. At least a head taller than everyone around him. They were staring at him with awe on their faces.

He's performed feats you can only dream of. From falling from orbit, to killing massive amounts of enemies, hell he even boarded an entire ship by himself. Could anything ever kill him? This massive man?

He knew how to pilot falcons, longswords, sabres, pelicans. You name it. It seemed like he could do anything. His presents inspiring others to be the best they can be. He seems unbeatable.

Some of his brothers and sisters may have fallen in battle, but not him. Not even when all odds were against him. Was it luck that kept him alive, or was it skill?

He's fought from frozen tundras to desert wastelands. He's even fought in space. He could fight everywhere.

His endurance was astounding. He could have broken bones, burns, hell even a collapsed lung, but he still kept going. Even when his fellow soldiers were dieing around him, he wouldn't stop. He could go for days without rest or food.

He's killed 1000's. From grunts to hunters, they never stood a chance. They tried, hard as they might, but they can't stop him. No, not him.

He wrecked havoc to his foes. He made them tremble and run. They called him, his brothers, and sisters demons. For they brought terror upon the enemy.

His skill was unmatched. He could run as fast as a car. His strength so strong he could cave in a skull with a single punch. He could even bend metal. Chairs could barely support his weight.

Of his kind there were very few left. Many of them were dead. Killed on the battlefield or through augmentations, but not him.

Even when all odds were against him he still succeeded. His objective always complete. Even when he was the only one. A lone wolf many called him.

His kind was humanity's greatest soldiers. Sacrificing themselves to save their race. They were the best of the best. Doing what no one else would or could.

He could use any weapon in existence. Ranging from Human to alien weaponry, he could use it. His accuracy with them was astounding. He could hang off a tree, and hit a target from a kilometer away.

His reaction time was unbelievable. He could dodge missiles, bullets, plasma blasts, hell he could probably dodge anything.

He was a master at stealth. He could infiltrate an enemy base, and come out without being detected. He could sneak up on even the most observant of people, but nobody, except his brothers and sisters, could sneak up on him. Not even cloaked elites.

156 written on his olive colored Mk 6 MJOLNIR Armour, that had burns, scratches, and dents everywhere. Armour that had served him throughout this war.

He was a Spartan, and Spartans never died.

End
file.